

O Raree-Show, O Pretty-Show:

OR, THE

# CITY FEAST.

**O**N a Day of great Triumph, when Lord of the City,  
Does Swear to be Honest and Just, as he's Witty;  
And Rides thro' the Town, that the Rable may Shout him,  
For the wonderful Merits he carries about him;  
B'ing an Honester Man I'll be bold for to say,  
Than has sat in the Chair this many a day.

Like the rest of the Fools, from the Skirts of the Town,  
I Totted to Gaze at his Chain and his Gown.  
With legs in a Kennel, quite up to the middle  
In dirt, with a Stomach as sharp as a Needle,  
I stood in the Cold, clinging fast to a Stump,  
To see the Wifakers march by in their Pomp.  
At last heard a Confort of Trumpets and Drums,  
And the Mob crying out, *Here he comes, here he comes.*

I was carr'd by the Crowd, from the place that I stood in,  
And the Devil to do this was all of a sudden.  
The first that appear'd was a grear Tom-a-doodle,  
With a Cap like a Bushel, to cover his Noddle,  
And a Gown that hung dragling thro' every Puddle;  
With a Sword and a Mace, and such Pageantry Pride,  
And abundance of Formal old Fopry beside.  
A Troop of grave Elders, O then there came by,  
In their Blood-Coloured Robes, of a very deep die,  
On Jennets the best that the Town cou'd afford,  
As Tame all as Lambs, and as Fine as my Lord,  
With very rich Saddles, gay Bridles and Cruppers,  
Would ne'er have been made but for such City Troopers.  
Like Snails o'er a Cabbage, they all crept along,  
Admir'd by their Wives, and Huzza'd by the Throng.

The Companys follow'd, each Man in his Station,  
Which ev'ry Fool knows is not worth Observation;  
All cloathed in Furrs, in an Ancient Decorum,  
Like Bears they advanc'd, with their Bag-pipes before-em;  
With Streamers and Drums; and abundance of Fooling,  
Not worth the Repeating, or yet Rediculing:  
So I'll bid adieu to the Tun-belly'd Sinners,  
And leave them to Trudg thro' the Dirt to their Dinners.

At last I consider'd 'twas very foul play,  
That a Poet should Fast on a Festival Day;

I therefore resolv'd it should cost me a fall,  
 But that I would Drink my Lords Health at a Hall:  
 For why mayn't a Poet (thought I) be a Guest,  
 As wellcome as Parson, or Fool at a Feast,  
 For the sport of a Tale or the sake of a Jest.  
 I mix'd with the Musick, and no one withstood-me,  
 And so Jostl'd forward as cleaver as cou'd be.  
 I pass'd to a very fine Room, thro' a Porch  
 'Twas as a wide as a Barn, and as high a Church;  
 Where Cloths upon Shovel-board-Tables were Spread,  
 And all things in order for Dinner were laid;  
 The Napkins where folded on every Plate,  
 Into Castles and Boates, and the Devil knows what.  
 Their Flaggons and Bowls made a very fine show,  
 And Sweat-meates, like Cuckolds, stood all in a row.  
 They walk'd and they talk'd; after some Consultation  
 The Beadle stood up, and he made Proclamation,  
 That no one presume, of a Member, till after  
 He's din'd, to bring in his Wife or his Daughter.  
 Then in comes the Pasties, the best of all Food,  
 With Pig, Goose, and Capon, and all that was good.  
 Then Grace soon was said, without any delay,  
 And as Hungry as Hawks they sat down to their Prey.  
 The Musick Struck up such a Bory advancing,  
 As the *Polanders* Pip'd, when their *Cubs* were a Dancing.  
 Then each tuck'd his Napkin up under his Chin,  
 That his Holy-Day Band might be kept very clean;  
 And pin'd up his Sleeves to his Elbows, because  
 They should not hang down, and be greas'd in the sauce.  
 Then all went to work, with such Rending and Tearing,  
 Like a Kennel of Hounds on a Quarter of Carri'n.  
 When done with the Flesh, then they Claw'd of the Fish,  
 With one hand at Mouth, and the other in th' Dish.  
 When their Stomacks were Cloi'd, what their Bellies denied,  
 Each clap'd in his Pocket to give to his *Bride*;  
 With a Cheese-cake and Custard for my little *Johnny*,  
 And a handful of Sweet-meats for poor Daughter *Nanny*.

Then down came a Blade, with a Rattle in's Skull,  
 To tickle their Eares, when their Bellies were full;  
 After three or four Hems, to clear up his Voice,  
 At ev'ry Table he made them a Noise,  
 Of *Twenty Four Fiddlers were all in a Row*,  
 Tho' the Singer meant *Cuckolds*, I'd have them to know,  
 Then *Londons a Gallant Town, and a fine City*,  
 'Tis Govern'd by *Scarlet*, the more is the *Pitty*.

When Claret and Sack had trou'd freely about,  
 And each Man was Laden, within and without,  
 The Elders arising, all Stagger'd away,  
 And in Sleeping like Hogs, spent the rest of the day.